Mrs G. P. Huntington

Let the wedding ring
grow thin and old

It will still at the end
be the same pure gold

Rev. G. P. Huntington

The golden chalice off by
wooden priest is raised

For us the wooden serves where
golden priest is praised

Golden links of joy and sorrow,
Yesterday — Today — Tomorrow,
Heart to heart to bind us yet,
Like a golden amulet.

· A · GOLDEN · WEDDING ·

· UNDER · A · COLONIAL ·

· ROOF-TREE ·

· ELM · VALLEY · · HADLEY · MASS ·

Soft eyes looked love to
eyes which spake again,

"And all went merry as a Marriage Bell."

Byron

Frederic Dan Huntington

and

Hannah Dane Sargent,

married,

on the fourth day of September,

in the year of our Lord

eighteen hundred and forty three.

Golden Wedding,

September fourth
Eighteen hundred and ninety three.

What hath this day deserved?
What hath it done?
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the Kalendar?

"Here, after half a century, they breathe
Air fresh from Paradise, and here renew
Their wedding vows, while unseen watchers wreathe
O'er each a chaplet, sprayed with golden dew."

E. C. Stedman.

The glow of spring is gone, and summer fair;
The breath of latest autumn chills the air:
But, garnered safe, no icy wind can blast
The rich, ripe fruitage of the vanished Past.
Life's sweetness thou hast tasted; borne its pain
With patient heart; alike in loss or gain
Assured, to make life's harmony complete,
Both joy and sorrow in the strain must meet.

What can we ask this day,
But, as the Past, that so the Future may
Bear witness to His truth — Whose promise then,
As ever, shall be Yea. His word Amen!
Though now thy westering sun fast nears the night,
Surely, "At eventide it shall be light;"
And thou shalt find, though evening mists grow chill,
The "Angel of His Presence" keeps thee still."

"Susan Belcher."

Golden Times.

The east is golden when our day is born;
Purple and amber stretch the canopies
Above the cradle of the commonest morn.
And yet the beauty of those opening skies
Is scarce for us, but gladdens elder eyes:
We do not wake to see our own sunrise.

There is a golden hour of day and year,
All spring, all morning; every field is prime
With green, and starred with glory; memory here
Begins the count of joy; a happy chime
Where smallest pleasure makes the roundest rhyme,—
Our buttercup and dandelion time.

There is a shining as the sun climbs on,
Between the dawn and midday; when our June
Warms toward the solstice, and we feel upon
Our life the joy, not burden of its noon,—
Prelude, like sweetest cadence of a tune,
To the full chord that shall be sounded soon.

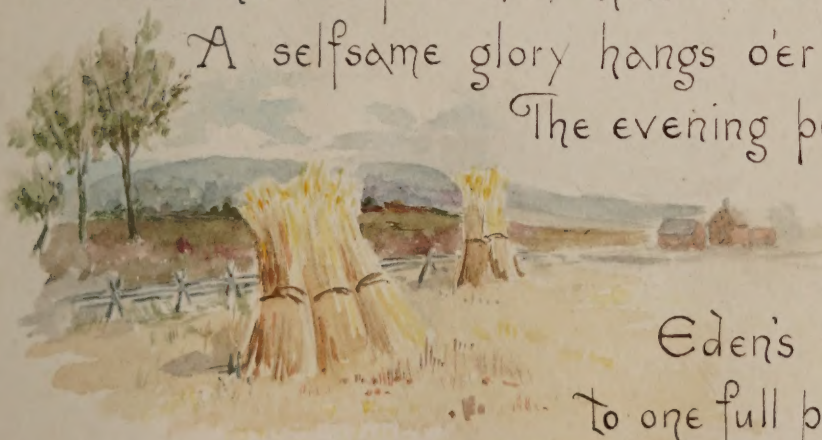
Then golden lilies in the garden gleam,
And roses blow, and orioles build and sing;
And sparkles flash upon the brimming stream,
And butterflies go by on yellow wing;
And fireflies shine, and brighter than the spring,
Are stars, and moons, nights, days, and everything.

High noon next, and full
summertide. The press,
The heat, and toil bear
down upon us. How
In this mere
sufferance and breathlessness,
The color of our daylight may we know?
God fills the sky so full, it does not show
The sweetness of its splendors as we go.

And yet the fiery days, as they speed past,
Are golden times,—the golden time of work,
And faith, and strength, and loyal holding fast,
However the hard stress may pain and irk:
God knows, the blessings that among them lurk,
Wait only for the soul that scorns to shirk.

And then, at last, the mellowing of the leaf,
The leaning of our sun toward its west;
The great, rich ripening of the tawny sheaf;
All shadows backward flung, our clouds all drest
In their praise-garments; time of wage and rest,—
Of all our times the goldenest and the best.

So comes the golden wedding; heaven and earth
Make new espousals; that world touches this;
A selfsame glory hangs o'er death and birth;
The evening purple on our mountains is
A morning climbing Eden's with a kiss, Melting
To one full peace both mysteries.



A. D. T. Whitney.

"Whose face was a thank-offering for his past life, and a love-letter to all mankind."

"Heaven in thy creation did decree, that in thy face sweet love should ever dwell."

Frederic Dan Huntington
Hannah Dane Sargent Huntington
George Putnam Huntington
Libby St. Amant Huntington
Asia S. Huntington
James O. S. Huntington
O. H. C.
Ruth Gregson Huntington Sessions
Archibald Lowry Sessions
Henry Lincoln Huntington

Henry Barrett Huntington
Constant Davis Huntington
James Lincoln Huntington
Paul St A. Huntington
Catharine Sargent Huntington
Frederic Dan[illegible] Huntington Hannah Sargent Sessions

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said,
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

Longfellow

"Poets and friends are born to what they are."

Helen M. Huntington.

Elizabeth P. Sessions

John Sessions

Catherine W. Baker

Lucy Edwards Huntington

Grace M. Huntington Wellington

Charles Wellington

Laurence Charles Wellington

Helen M. Fallows

Alice Katharine Fallows

"A golden treasure is the tried friend."

Julia Clarke
Sarah W. Clarke
Christopher Clarke
Juliet E. Hanchett.

Alden Gilbert
Minnie Gilbert.
Marion A. Gilbert.

Sarah Ellis

"Those who live in the Lord never see each other for the last time."

"Gifts of love are doubly dear."

Prayer Book—F. D. Huntington

Wedding Book—Mrs. Kinney

Hannah's Picture—Ruth & Archie

Photographs—George & Lilly

Sandal Wood Box—Constant

Two Cups & Saucers—Aunt Helen

Spoon & Centre Piece—Aunt Kate

Gold piece $10 Uncle James

Gold piece $20 Aunt Lizzie

Gold piece $10. Jewell & Arthur

Doylies—Aunt Frances

Centre Piece—Lizzie Sessions

Picture—Mr & Mrs. Baker

Bas Relief—Maria Elwell

Butter plates—Mr & Mrs. F. Fisher

Tea Steamer—Mrs. Day

Cut Glass Dish—Aunt Lucy Theodore

Lamp—Georgie Sargent

Pin—Nannie Smith

Gold Pin—Mrs. Kate Hall

Lemon Fork—Mary Coolidge

Egg Spoons—Mr & Mrs. Patterson

Gold Crochet needle—E. Axtell

Clock—Judge & Mrs. Andrews

Grace & Helen

Gold piece $20 Mrs Denning

Pickle Mr & Mrs Medes Jack

Photograph Frame Lucy Walton

Picture Clerical Club

Enamelled Knife Mrs & Miss Clark

Toy Lily Miss Alice Clarke

Golden Rod Y. C. S. Raising School

Gold piece $50 Mrs. Charles

Gold piece $50 Mrs. C. Sullivan

Gold $250 Mr & Mrs. Selk Low

Silver Cream & Sugar Set Mr & Mrs Wm Low

Glass Vase Mrs Peabody

Glass Vase Miss Hunter

Flowers Miss M. Hunter

Flowers Sarah Ellis

Pears George Shipperley

Books Huntington Downer

Gold Salt Spoons Mrs. E. E. Pratt

Illustrated Testament Mr & Mrs Nichols

Book Mark Mrs Gardner

Tea pot Mrs. Talbot

Vase Martha Beckel

Shawl Mrs. Fuller

Telegrams Eight

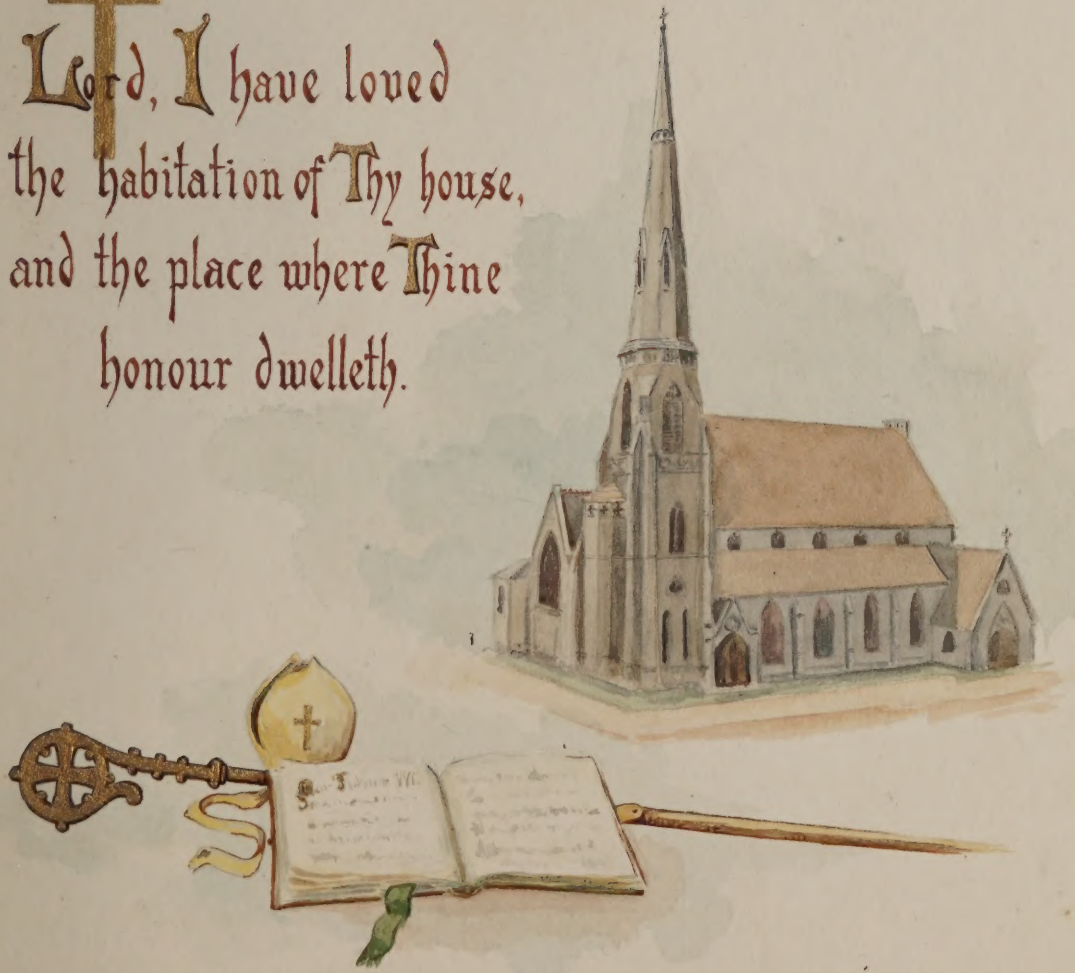
Letters Sixty Seven

West Street —— Old Hadley.

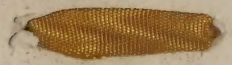
"The great golden elms that marked the line of the village street — the air of comfort and plenty — and from far-off farms the sound of flails, beating the triumphant march of Ceres through the land — these are the sights and sounds that greet him as he looks."

Longfellow.

Lord, I have loved
the habitation of Thy house,
and the place where Thine
honour dwelleth.



O holy and Eternal Jesus Thou great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls, send down upon Thy servants Thy heavenly blessing and evermore guide, defend, comfort, sanctify, and save them. And grant that after turning many to righteousness, they may shine as the stars for ever and ever; for Thy tender mercy's sake. Amen.



The Lord bless thee and keep thee;
The Lord make His face to shine upon thee,
and be gracious unto thee;
The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee,
and give thee peace both now and evermore.
Amen.

To Uncle Redmond and aunt Hannah
upon their Golden Wedding day
Sep. 4th 1873

"E'er the summer fadeth,
Into Autumn light—
While the fields are fragrant
And the woods grow bright—
While the purple asters
Richly clothe the vale
And the Gentian blossoms,
In the grassy dale;

When the crickets' murmur
Turns to music sweet,
(All because the summer
Went on wings so fleet,)
Then it is, all nature
In her magic way
Sheds peculiar lustre
On this festal day.

3. Balmiest spiciest breezes
Blow o'er Hadley's leas;
And the earliest notes
Sounds among the trees.
Rich and ripening harvests
Gladden all the view,
While the arch above them
Bends in cloudless blue.

Golden-rod, your texture
Must have ordained been,
For me to see you, gorgeous,
Dressed out for the scene,
Touching up the hillside,
Dotting road and mead
With a golden glory,
Wedding-like, indeed!

5.

Blossom, leaf and bird-note
Autumn-tint, and air
Thus with varied influence
Breathing every where,
Blend in doing honor
To this golden-day,
Which began its shining
Fifty years away!

K. H. D.

Mrs. F. D. Huntington,
Hannah Dane Sargent,
from
Mary I. B. Dascomb.

She – who four years ago the blessing knew
Of gathered friends and kindred, as she passed
The jewel – day upon the ring of time
Called golden bridal, happy hours! – now bids
From the celestial, where she dwells apart,
That I should offer with this little gift
Her thought of friendship in the Cambridge days.

Sept. 4th 1893.

Lopes Sargent Dixwell.

Saint Martin's Summer.

November XXI. — N. D. S. H.

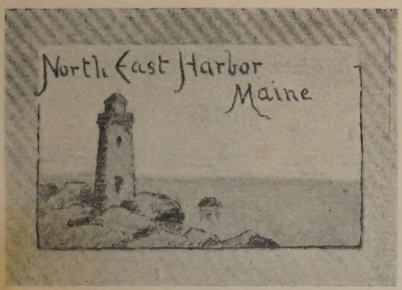
Long after the sweet promises of Spring
Find their fruition, when the autumn haze
Has followed on the sultry summer's blaze,
Saint Martin's Feast a wondrous change doth bring.

The chill premonitors of Winter's sting
Retreat before the tender warmth of days
Within whose compass even Time delays,
Reluctant to be ever on the wing.

So in her life, for whom this happy morn
Marks one more finished stage upon the road
That follows where her Master's feet have led.
All the high gifts and graces that adorn,
Making within her breast their fixed abode,
The autumn sunlight haloes round her head.

M33
1893

Mable Baldwin



Friday
Sept. 1: 1893.

My dear friends.

I warmly wish that the sonnet written on the inside of this sheet were worthier of a place among the tributes that will reach you on Monday; but. such as it is, it carries with it the love and gratitude of more than half of your fifty years. Believe me ever

Affectionately yours
F. W. Huntington.

To Bishop & Mrs. Huntington.

The Golden Wedding.

Hadley. Monday. September IV

MDCCCXCIII.

Not like the alchemist in mystic cell,
Attent on transmutation, make we gold,
By sudden touch, to dross into gold
Most common ware, did all such stone compel,
But as the wand of waving boughs full well
Now from dark sunbeam, when the clouds are rolled

against the wind; to draw the hits they hold,
(Has unresponsive to moon's feeble spell;)
So from the vaults of sixty hundred years,
The stored-up store of household and of kin,
The total of all weavock's joys and tears,
Time lives, to-day, the lustre his within;
What slumbered wakes, what latent was appears,
For, lo, this life has always gotten been.